

ASSASSIN HAD HOTEL ROOM IN CANAL STREET

Lived at White House Nine Months, and Went Away About a Month Ago.

NONE KNEW HIS BUSINESS

Was Neatly Dressed German About 35, With Sandy Hair, Reddish Beard.

John Schrank up to a month ago had lodged at the White House at 156 Canal street, just off the Bowery, for nine months, but never came to be on intimate terms with any one. The impression among the few people with whom he did have a speaking acquaintance, or with whom he would take a glass of beer in the evening, was that he was some kind of a real estate agent. In just what capacity he acted no one at the place seemed to know last night.

Whatever his real estate operations were they did not seem to bring him any great success, and about two months ago he asked the barkeeper at the hotel whether he could help him get a job as a bartender or waiter. Schrank said that while he had never done much in that line himself, some member of his family was more or less directly connected with the saloon business. He thought it would be an easy sort of a job for him to slip into.

The bartender at the White was not able to do anything for Schrank, however. Finally about the middle of September he suddenly let it be known that he was going away. He did not say where he was going and left no forwarding address for mail.

It was learned last night that no mail had come from him since his departure. While he stayed at the hotel he occasionally got letters, according to what was said there last night, which usually bore the postmark of either New York or Brooklyn.

Schrank never seems to have told any one about the White House where he came from. When he left he hinted that he was going out of town to be with an uncle of his. Where this was he did not say.

Schrank, according to the description given last night, was a neatly dressed German, about 35 years old. He had sandy hair and a reddish beard. He was of medium height and well built. Gus Jost, the proprietor of the place where Schrank lived here in New York, his night barkeeper, who also acts as night hotel clerk, was able to tell something about Schrank.

According to this man Schrank minded his own business and moved about in a very quiet way. He went out in the morning, came back at night, took a glass of beer alone or perhaps with a chance acquaintance, and then took his key and went to bed. He never seemed to have any intimate friends and never confided. If he did bring any one into the barroom, which is also the office of the hotel, it was not a person who was known in that neighborhood around Canal street and the Bowery.

Schrank was quiet in his manner and in his talk. While there was considerable doubt, according to the White's barkeeper, as to what Schrank really was and did, there was no mystery about him and men did not talk wonderingly about his actions.

When he took up his abode there he took a room that cost him \$2 a week in advance.

The White is a cheap, three story hotel, but considerably above the average Bowery lodging house.

Schrank was never noticed to receive or read any socialist literature or papers.

Gustavus Jost, the proprietor of the White House where Schrank lived, was reached on the telephone early this morning. He said that he had known Schrank for some five or six years, and throughout all that time had seen nothing queer or unusual about him.

Jost said that Schrank was born in Canal street, New York, at a place where his father kept a saloon. Jost first knew him as a barkeeper and insurance agent. About a year ago, Jost said, Schrank came to him and said he wanted work as a barkeeper, as his insurance work was not going very well. Jost was not able to give him a job.

All that Jost knows about what he did the last year or so is that he drifted about from one job to another. He seemed to be hard working. At least after he came to the White House he went away at 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning and did not return until 9 at night.

About two or three weeks ago, Jost said, Schrank told him he was going out to the Pacific coast, southern California, he thinks. Schrank said his uncle lived there.

Three or four days ago Jost received a postal card from the man. Jost thinks it was mailed from Denver. In it he said he was on his way west.

According to Jost Schrank was not the man's real name. It was, he thought, Charles Flamant. Jost could not state why he had changed his name. He added that Flamant had a brother, Fred Flamant, who lived in a Brooklyn hotel on Cooper street somewhere near Myrtle avenue.

This was the description which Jost gave of Schrank: Forty-two years old, weighing 180 pounds, about 5 feet 7 inches tall, well built, light complexion, auburn hair, features small for the size of his face, sandy hair and reddish moustache.

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ROOSEVELT'S OWN TELEGRAM.

"Bullet Did Not Hit Anything Vital," He Wrote Son's Wife.

As soon as Col. Roosevelt arrived at the hospital in Milwaukee he dictated a reassuring telegram to his family. It was addressed to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., as the Colonel was not aware that his wife was in New York.

George E. Roosevelt, the Colonel's nephew, told Senator Dixon at the Hotel Manhattan that the telegram, as near as he could remember, was worded about this way:

"I am now in the hospital. The bullet did not hit anything vital. I think they will find it somewhere around."

"It is no more serious than the injuries boys get all the time."

"My voice is holding out all right and I expect to go right on with the trip. Love to Ethel" (his daughter).

MRS. ROOSEVELT HEARS NEWS.

Leaves the Theatre to Go to Headquarters for Particulars.

Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the Colonel, received the news of the shooting as she was at the Casino, Broadway and Thirty-ninth street, with Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, attending a performance of "The Merry Countess." They were escorted to the theatre by George E. Roosevelt, a son of W. Emlen Roosevelt, who was obliged to sit apart from the ladies in the orchestra, owing to his inability to get three seats together.

During the early part of the performance Oliver W. Roosevelt, a son of Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, entered the theatre and quietly informed George Roosevelt that "the Colonel had been shot."

"Go back and get further details," George Roosevelt said, "before you tell the ladies."

Oliver W. Roosevelt crossed the street to a telephone office and soon returned with word that the Colonel "had gone on with his speech."

Mrs. Roosevelt bravely received the news of the attack on her husband, and when she was assured that the Colonel was not badly hurt she at first decided to remain for the rest of the performance.

Mrs. Roosevelt, however, could not stand the strain, and remained at the theatre only half an hour after learning of the attempt on her husband's life. Then, with the others of her party, she left the theatre during the middle of the act. She went to the Hotel Manhattan, where she awaited further news before making up her mind whether to go to Oyster Bay or to join her husband in the West.

Oliver W. Roosevelt left the theatre immediately after bearing his message that the Colonel was all right.

SON HAD FEARED SHOOTING.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Received Bulletins—Mother in the City.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., received several bulletins last night at his home, 165 East Seventy-fourth street, of the attempt to take his father's life.

"I have been afraid for a long time," he said, "that something of the kind would happen."

When told that it was reported that a Socialist fired the shot Mr. Roosevelt replied:

"I should have thought so, as the attack was made in Milwaukee."

Mr. Roosevelt said that his mother had gone to the theatre and would stop in the city over night instead of going back to her home in Oyster Bay.

"I'd rather not tell where she will stay," he said, "for the reason that I wouldn't like anybody to disturb her to-night."

CAN'T BE, SAYS LA FOLLETTE.

Senator Much Wrought Over Attempt on Roosevelt's Life.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 14.—"My God, it can't be true!" exclaimed Senator La Follette to-night when he heard of the attempted shooting of Roosevelt in Milwaukee.

He eagerly asked for details of the affair and expressed deepest gratification when he learned that Roosevelt had not been injured. La Follette declined to make any formal statement regarding the attack on the Colonel.

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ROOSEVELT SHOT BY INSANE NEW YORKER

Continued from First Page.

I want to sleep to-night. I am tired, so don't bother me."

So far as can be learned to-night Schrank shot Col. Roosevelt on his own initiative. Nothing was found on him which suggests that others prompted him to act, and there is no evidence that he is a member of any particular anarchist or socialist group. The story of his travels in Roosevelt's wake was borne out by the discovery of letters, hotel menus, portions of railway tickets and other papers found in his pockets.

While the police were thus interrogating Schrank word came late from the emergency hospital that the Colonel had been placed on the operating table and that six surgeons were examining his wound. It was said at the hospital that the surgeons had learned that the bullet had penetrated the fleshy part of the Colonel's chest deeper than a superficial examination had led them to believe and that efforts to locate the bullet so far had not been successful.

The limited opportunities for examination of the wound to-night led the surgeons to believe that the bullet did not pierce the lung. Col. Roosevelt said at the hospital to-night that he felt no pain, but only a slight shock when the bullet struck him and that he did not know for some minutes that the bullet had entered his body. He thought, he said, that it had merely seared his arm.

Later, however, as his speech progressed and he waved his arms to emphasize his points the loss of blood began to tell upon him.

Roosevelt Felt No Pain.

Again at the hospital he insisted that he felt no pain. The surgeons, both at the Auditorium and again at the emergency hospital, made him take deep breath in an effort to determine whether or not his lung had been punctured. The results, they said, showed that the lung had not been touched.

The first plans to take an X-ray photograph in Milwaukee were not carried out. Before midnight the surgeons in attendance decided that it would be better to send Col. Roosevelt to Chicago on a special train. It is planned immediately, therefore, to take him on his arrival in Chicago to a hospital.

Famed Surgeons Await Him.

Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan has been telegraphed to meet the patient upon his arrival at Chicago. Dr. John B. Murphy of International fame as a surgeon and considered by many the foremost surgeon of America will join Dr. Bevan, and together they will make the examination, after which the decision as to whether or not to probe immediately for the bullet will be made.

The turbulent scenes that immediately followed the shooting at the hotel have been succeeded to-night by excitement quite as tense if less noisy and which is keeping the whole city in the streets. The greatest excitement of the night was witnessed of course around the Gilpatrick Hotel itself, but scenes almost as sensational were to be seen also around and in the Auditorium and later about the hospital, the jail and the City Hall.

First Reported Killed.

The first news that flashed around town was that Col. Roosevelt had been killed outright. When Mr. Cochems sprang on Schrank other members of the Roosevelt party grasped the Colonel by the arms and tried to pull him back into the hotel.

All this time the story was running through the crowd that had heard the shot that the candidate was dead. Those on the outskirts could not see what was transpiring in the little circle around the hotel entrance.

These on the edges of the crowd fought to get closer to the entrance, and falling in this scattered through the streets, crying:

"Roosevelt has been shot dead!"

"On the way to the hall," said O. K. Davis to-night, "and again upon reaching the Auditorium Col. Roosevelt said repeatedly, 'I will make this speech or die, or the other. I have a message for the people of Wisconsin and I am going to deliver it.'"

It was Mr. Davis who supported Col. Roosevelt on the one side, while Mr. Cochems supported him on the other as the Colonel walked into the Auditorium somewhat unsteadily and went upon the stage. As Col. Roosevelt took his seat upon the platform volleys of cheers were shot at him by the crowd that filled the great hall and the cheering continued for several minutes. All this time the shooters had no notion



Quality Never Varies

that an attempt on the Colonel's life had been made.

When the deed did learn from Mr. Cochems and from Col. Roosevelt himself that he had been shot the audience dropped back and a deathlike silence, a sharp contrast to the noisy uproar of a moment before, settled in the hall. Then there was a low murmur and a groan that was punctuated by sharp hysterical cries from the crowd. Even his friends at this time believed that the bullet had merely scratched his arm.

Capt. A. O. Girard of Milwaukee, who was on the front seat of the automobile when the Colonel was shot, is sharing the congratulations showered to-night on Messrs. Cochems and Martin for having helped in preventing Schrank from firing a second shot, which might have been fatal.

Martin is over six feet tall and like Mr. Cochems formerly was a football player. After Mr. Martin had grabbed Schrank's hand Capt. Girard almost simultaneously made a flying leap from the machine and when Schrank was borne to the pavement Capt. Girard and the brawny Martin and Cochems all had landed on top of him. As the three pulled Schrank to his feet Martin picked Schrank up as though he were a child and carried him close to the automobile.

"Here he is!" he cried excitedly to Col. Roosevelt. "Look at him, Colonel!"

Roosevelt Sees Assassin.

Col. Roosevelt gazed down at the man for a moment in a dazed sort of way, his eyes directed intently toward Schrank. To the crowd it looked, however, as if he were not even seeing the man who had attempted to take his life as Martin held him up to his gaze. And when the crowd yelled the very ready threats to lynch the man it was Col. Roosevelt who intervened.

"Stop, stop!" those who were close to the Colonel say they heard him cry as he motioned the crowd to fall back. "Stand away, don't hurt him!"

These threats to "kill the brute," "get a rope," "lynch him" were continued by the crowd that had swarmed around back of the hotel to an alley where the patrol wagon waited to take the prisoner to the police station.

Hundreds of men and boys and even women and girls ran after the patrol wagon in an effort to keep up with it as it was raced at breakneck speed down the street and across a bridge.

Scenes reached the Central police station in automobiles and carriages in the wake of the police wagon, some even beating the wagon to the station. Before the wagon could be backed up to the station door the people from the carriages and automobiles and the more fleetfooted among those who had chased the wagon were banded around the station house entrance. And again the threats to lynch the prisoner were heard.

Sgt. Robert Flood, in expectation of such a demonstration, had placed several patrolmen along the walk and so kept the crowd away from the wagon as Schrank was being taken out of it with an officer on either side of him.

The prisoner was led into the station house and to the desk. After a short questioning there he was hurried into the sergeant's office for a further quizzing, but this time he positively refused to talk.

John McGrath, a secretary attached to the Roosevelt party, is quoted to-night as saying that while seated near the Colonel in the automobile on the way to the Auditorium he was the first to note that the bullet had struck the Colonel. The automobile had gone only about four blocks from the hotel when McGrath uttered a sharp exclamation and pointed to the hole in Col. Roosevelt's overcoat. But Col. Roosevelt already had placed his hand beneath the coat and drew it out with blood stains on the fingers.

SHOULDN'T BLAME SOCIALISM.

Party's Candidate for Governor Says Thought Is Preposterous.

Charles Edward Russell, Socialist candidate for Governor of New York State, when told last night of the shooting of Col. Roosevelt just as the Socialist orator was entering the Manhattan Casino at 155th street and Eighth avenue, declared that it was preposterous to suppose that the shooting was done by a Socialist.

Every disturbance is commonly believed to have been instigated by a Socialist, Mr. Russell said. He expressed surprise at the shooting, but had little more to say about it after his first protest against charging the crime to socialism. He made no reference to the shooting in his speech.

Mr. Russell told about 800 listeners in the Casino that none of the other parties is getting at the root of the discontent in the country. They have put up very estimable men, he said, but none of them is free from domination.

Mr. Russell declared, had been "the willing servant of Murphy in Congress for the past sixteen years," Mr. Hodges, he said, is "backed by Standard Oil interests." Mr. Strauss, according to the Socialist candidate, is the representative of "the dry goods combine."

DIXON HEARS NEWS AND LEADERS GATHER

Manhattan Hotel Headquarters Thronged When Word of Shooting Comes.

NEWS FROM O. K. DAVIS

Campaign Manager Blames Inciters of Hatred Against Candidate.

Word that Col. Roosevelt had been shot was received at the national headquarters of the Progressive party on the twelfth floor of the Hotel Manhattan within five minutes of the shooting. It came as a "flash" over the special Progressive wire from the Chicago Tribune.

The first news was that Col. Roosevelt had been shot and was reported to have been killed. The telegraph operator who got it left his instrument, poured the message into the ear of a bellboy and said "Go tell Senator Dixon and Mr. Perkins quickly."

Senator Joseph M. Dixon, the campaign manager and chairman of the Progressive party, was in the executive room of headquarters with George W. Perkins, chairman of the national executive committee. The bellboy entered without knocking and delivered his message.

The Senator and Mr. Perkins both jumped up from the table and hurried down the hall to the telegraph operator. The news was just coming in that Col. Roosevelt was not killed, but that the bullet had made a flesh wound and that the Colonel was then on his way to deliver his scheduled speech.

In a few minutes other Progressive leaders began assembling at the Manhattan. State Chairman William H. Hotchkiss, who had got his information from a newspaper, came first. Then appeared Timothy L. Woodruff, the Kings county chairman. Mr. Woodruff was in the middle of a speech at Camp Roosevelt, the Progressive rendezvous in Harlem, and was being heckled by a Republican candidate for Congress when a messenger pulled him aside and told him that Col. Roosevelt had been shot. Mr. Woodruff shouted to his audience that he guessed the Colonel wasn't hurt, and then he rushed to the Manhattan in an automobile.

A little later Frank A. Munsey appeared. He was in evening dress and came straight from a theatre. G. A. Priestly, national committeeman from Oklahoma, was also in the little group that gathered in the reception room.

Pretty soon Medill McCormick got on the Chicago end of the wire. He had arranged telephone communication with the hall in Milwaukee and sent reassuring bulletins every few minutes. Then came this dispatch from Oscar King Davis, secretary of the Progressive party, who is traveling with Col. Roosevelt:

AUDITORIUM, MILWAUKEE, Oct. 14.
George W. Perkins, Manhattan Hotel, New York.

As Col. Roosevelt left the hotel to start to the hall and was about to enter his automobile a man sprang forward and shot him in the right side. Albert Martin, stenographer of our party, throttled the man before he could fire the second time. The Colonel is not seriously hurt.

He stood in the auto and directed the policemen in the arrest of the assassin, whose name we have not learned. The Colonel insisted on coming to the hall and going through at least part of his speech at the hall.

Dr. Terrill with Dr. Hutton of Milwaukee with two or three other surgeons examined the hurt. They found that the bullet had entered just under the right nipple. The wound is bleeding somewhat. The Colonel is suffering no pain; there is obviously no internal hemorrhage there. He felt no tendency to cough even upon taking the fullest breath. The surgeons all agreed that it was all right for him to go ahead.

The Auditorium was crowded. Harry Cochems introduced the Colonel and announced to the crowd what had happened. When the Colonel arose to speak there was a tremendous ovation. He drew his manuscript from his coat pocket. It was then seen that the bullet had gone directly through it. This fact probably saved his life. He pointed out the bullet hole to the crowd and said:

"You see it takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose."

He is now speaking. He assured it is not a serious wound. Give all assurances to Mrs. Roosevelt. Immediately after the speech the wound will be thoroughly examined and the bullet probably extracted.

O. K. DAVIS
As soon as Senator Dixon was positive that Col. Roosevelt's hurt was not serious he dictated this statement:

The cruel, untruthful, half frenzied attacks upon ex-President Roosevelt have at last culminated in attempted assassination. For months past the enemies of Col. Roosevelt, in public utterance and private speech, have combined to assassinate the public and private character of the greatest living American. Their violent, intemperate assaults upon him are directly responsible for the murderous attack upon him to-night in Milwaukee.

Eleven years ago the weak brain of Czolgosz was stirred to murderous intent by the brutal newspaper assaults upon President McKinley. In their blind fury to destroy Roosevelt his enemies have resorted to every vile and cunning trick to influence the people against their great champion. The poor devil who fired the revolver to-night in Milwaukee is not half so guilty as are the men who for months past have exhausted all the brutal adjectives in the English language to destroy the one man who above all others the hatred of the privileged class. The crime which these men have already committed is in no way palliated by the failure of the assassin's aim to-night.

Roosevelt still lives to carry on the great fight in which he is now engaged.

Mr. Perkins said:

"I have just this much to say: A few sheets of paper stopped a bullet that otherwise would have taken the life of the first citizen of the United States. For whatever our differences may be at the moment in the fierce political

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LAUREL HOUSE

fight that is going on, no man with a fair mind will deny that in all that goes to make for good citizenship, faithfulness and trust in public life, fearlessness in the discharge of duty, Theodore Roosevelt stands preeminent as the leading citizen of our land."

Mr. Munsey said that the assault upon Col. Roosevelt was too appalling. He could not make any statement, he said, until he had read to-day the whole story.

From the hotel bulletins were sent to Mrs. Roosevelt at the Casino Theatre. At about 10:30 o'clock she left the theatre and went to the hotel. She was joined there by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who had got a message at his home.

CHICAGO GREATLY EXCITED.

Progressive Headquarters Crowded—Wild Rumors on Street.

Chicago, Oct. 14.—Within fifteen minutes after the first bulletins of the attempted assassination of Col. Roosevelt were received in the city and the news had become noised around through the hotels, theatres and cafes the Progressive national headquarters at Hotel La Salle was filled with an anxious throng of men and women.

The men angrily but quietly were demanding news of the would-be assassin and his fate. There were tears in the eyes of the women. The force of stenographers, working under suppressed emotion, watched for each bulletin from Milwaukee.

The news first was received lightly among the loungers in the hotel lobby, but when the messengers began dashing to and fro the sober earnestness of the situation changed the mood of the bystanders in a flash and knots of men excitedly discussed the meagre details of the early tidings.

The story reached the streets about the time of the first intermission of the theatres, and from the playhouses, near newspaper offices and the political headquarters men hurried to verify the reports. Many of them did not return to the theatres until after reassuring messages were received from Milwaukee, which said the Colonel was not fatally wounded.

Medill McCormick, vice-chairman of the Progressive National Committee and head of the Western headquarters, was on the point of retiring at his home, worn down with the exertions of the campaign, when informed by telephone of the attempt on the life of the party's leader. He rushed to the headquarters in an auto to find George W. Perkins in the New York end of the private wire which connects the two headquarters wildly demanding details. Mr. Perkins, Senator Dixon and the New York managers had received only the three words, "Roosevelt is shot," when Mr. McCormick arrived at his offices.

Col. Chauncey Dewey was summoned by telephone and Alexander N. Revell hurried from a theatre party and joined Mr. McCormick.

Telephonic communication was established with the Milwaukee newspaper offices and the bulletin service of the Tribune was placed at the disposal of the party leaders. As soon as any of the facts could be procured they were relayed to New York, and through Mr. Perkins to Mrs. Roosevelt.

The first news of a definite nature said the Colonel had not been hit by the bullet, but it simply had passed through his overcoat. This was announced to the surging crowds in the hotel corridors and speculation as to the extent of the injury to the Colonel was transferred into imprecations at the man who had fired the shot.

Then the crowd heard the Colonel had started his speech and all sorts of conflicting reports began to circulate. There was a cheer when somebody shouted that the Colonel had leaped from his machine and had chased his assailant through the crowds.

"That's our Teddy!" they cried. "There's the old Bull Moose on the job."

There was another yell of joy when they were told the Colonel had proceeded to the Auditorium at Milwaukee and had started on his speech.

But at 9:35 there was a change in the tone when Medill McCormick received a message from O. K. Davis, who travels with Roosevelt, carrying more serious tidings. It gave bare details of the attack on the Colonel, but said the bullet had entered the Colonel's side and was still in his body.

Until long after midnight the party leaders remained in consultation, awaiting word from Milwaukee. The crowd stayed until the last reassuring bulletin had been received.

TAFT MEETING CALLED OFF.

Ohio Progressives Will Keep to Regular Schedule.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 14.—Chairman H. M. Daugherty of the Republican State committee announced to-night that to-morrow's Republican meetings in Ohio would be called off out of respect to Col. Roosevelt.

Chairman Walter K. Brown of the Progressive committee said his party meetings would proceed as scheduled.

FRIENDS LONG-WORRIED FOR FEAR OF ATTACK

Roosevelt Always Insisted He Could Look Out for Himself.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S DREAD

Tried to Dissuade Her Husband From Running for Office Again.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—News that Col. Roosevelt had been shot brought vividly to the minds of his friends here that they had often expressed the fear when he was in the White House that he would meet with some such attack. They recalled, however, that Mr. Roosevelt when he was President always insisted that he could look out for himself, and often resented the secret service guards following too closely on his footsteps.

Mr. Roosevelt when he was President always carried a loaded revolver in his hip pocket. On several occasions when he was speaking the wind lifting the tails of his coat has shown to his audiences the glint of the revolver handle. He never when he was President had occasion to use the weapon. There were, however, two or three times when he did not hesitate to jump in and use his own hands when he thought there was any reason to fear for his personal safety.